



# Chocolate for Anne Frank

Machiel van der Stelt



# **Chocolate for Anne Frank**

**A short story by Machiel van der Stelt**



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I also wish to thank Unsplash at <http://pixabay.com> for supplying the photos of the front cover for free on the Internet.

Original pictures can be found by the following links:

<https://pixabay.com/en/sunflowers-flowers-field-yellow-413241/>

<https://pixabay.com/en/blue-clouds-day-fluffy-sky-summer-88523/>

<https://pixabay.com/en/cooking-chocolate-food-chocolate-674508/>

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[https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:The Liberation of Bergen-belsen Concentration Camp, April 1945 BU3794.jpg](https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:The_Liberation_of_Bergen-belsen_Concentration_Camp,_April_1945_BU3794.jpg)

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<http://www.dafont.com/notera.font>

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Anne's diary was used as a valuable reference. This book is downloadable for free from:

<http://self.gutenberg.org/Members/mvdstelt>

All constructive feedback is welcome via [mvdstelt'at'gmail.com](mailto:mvdstelt@gmail.com)

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## Chocolate for Anne Frank

The train carriage rumbled days and nights through no man's land, but suddenly came to a halt. A collection of women in the closed carriage were thrown forward. Those that sat by the wall hit their heads, some of the women received gaping wounds to their bald heads. Anne and Margot sat in the middle of the group of women and waited for what would come, when the door brusquely opened with a squeaking noise. The light through the open door hurtled the women's eyes; they had to close their eyes or cover them with their hands. "Raus, raus, raus!" A German soldier immediately ordered, after which the women stood up and climbed out of the carriage.

Anne came slowly out of the carriage because she was weak. She needed to hold on tightly to the carriage so not to fall. Her bones were clearly visible under her pale skin of her emaciated body. Anne bended forward and put her tired head in her hands, so that her fingers could support her bald head. Outside a blond soldier no more than seventeen years old, gave Anne a faint smile, "Mmm, hot thing," he whispered in German to Anne and ran his tongue provocatively over his lips. The soldier's name tag bore the name 'Adolfo von Gerstedt'. "What's your name?" The soldier asks harshly. Anne looked up hastily with her eyes wide open, whereby she forgot her tiredness "Annelies Marie Frank. You freak" she answered sternly. Adolfo approached Anne and pulled her closer by her waist, while looking straight into her eyes, "Feisty, I like that" Adolfo said. Anne looked for a moment straight into his eyes, noticing the strong stinky smell from his mouth, she suddenly started to gag. Her body shook like she was experiencing a violent earthquake. She pushed him away, "I want to get out of this camp, so I don't have to see that freak." she yelled, while she heavily breathed and leaned forward; from exhaustion she had to support herself with her hands on her knees. For a few moments Anne and Adolfo looked at each other when Adolfo flamboyantly got his pen and wrote her name on the prisoners list.

It took Anne and Margot a few weeks to find a sleeping place. Whereby they feverishly and famished tried to find food and at the same time tried to stay dry and warm. Anne and Margot found bunker beds in the corner of one of the barracks, each bed still contained some personal items from the previous persons who slept in these beds. "That bed you are in is Adam's bed." a lady next to Anne said. Anne quickly came out of the bed "Sorry, I thought this bed was free." Anne said apologetically to the woman, while she raised her eyebrows and opened her hands. "Well Adam was pretty sick, he left the barrack some hours ago, if you have seen a dead body outside the barrack of a very tall man with a big scar on his face, then I guess that bed is yours.", the woman replied. Anne's stomach was aching from what the woman just said, she had put her left hand on her stomach, while she put her right hand on her mouth to stop the gagging. She ran to the barrack door, kicked it open, sped out and jumped over a dead body of a very tall man with a big scar on his face. Her jump was weak

and when she landed she heard something cracking, she wondered if it were breaking branches but saw that it were the fingers of the dead body. She walked to the back of the barrack and leaned with her forehead and arms against the wall of the barrack, where she was able to release the contents of her stomach. While she leaned against the wall and looked at the ground, she noticed that the smell of rotting flesh was now mixed with the smell of vomit. She quickly moved away from the wall to get some fresh air, and started to shiver from the wind. She suddenly saw Adolfo approaching, "How are you doing, you look thin and pale?" Adolfo asked Anne. Anne quickly took a step back and held her hands in front of her to shield herself from him, while he came closer. Adolfo suddenly stopped in front of Anne and gave her a big smile. Anne got the shivers down her spine when she saw that Adolfo's front teeth were blacker than the dead bodies spread across the camp. Adolfo took a round tin canister out of his pocket, "For a kiss you can have this tin canister with chocolate." he proposed to her. Anne slightly turned her head sideways and peered and took a careful look at Adolfo, who was holding the round orange canister with a white imprint on it. Being nearsighted she thought she read 'Scho-Ta-Tola' on the tin. While Anne considered the proposal, she recalled the intimate moments with Peter van Pels in the Secret Annex in Amsterdam, where she got her first real kiss. Now it was a different situation, a kiss was needed for survival. "What about a kiss and then you free me from this camp?" Anne counter proposed, "and also my sister Margot, Auguste van Pels, and Lies Goosens who is in the privileged part of this camp." she quickly added.

"That will be my kiss of death, I need to think about it, cutie." Adolfo replied and started to wiggle his right shoe on the mud covered ground, as if to bury his foot, like an Ostrich would stick his head in the ground to avoid danger. "You want the chocolate or not?" Adolfo asked while he looked at his mud covered shoe.

"Nein, leave me alone!" Anne replied, she clenched her hands into fists while she started stamping to her barrack. But Adolfo grabbed Anne and kissed her anyway and pushed the tin canister with chocolate in her hands.

Anne quickly pushed Adolfo away and looked at the canister, she could now clearly read that it said 'Scho-Ka-Kola' and among the Nazi Party Parteiaedler emblem in the middle of the lid she also read at the bottom of the lid; 'Die Starkende Schokolade', "Chocolate for strength is exactly what I need" she thought to herself. She quickly opened the tin and took two pieces of chocolate. Muscles in her arms and legs became tense as she still didn't get a confirmation that Adolfo was going to try to help them escape from the camp. "Herr can you help us to escape this camp?" Anne asked stomping her right foot on the ground, which sent mud on her other foot. Anne looked questionable and deep into Adolfo's eyes which felt like took ages; she then shook her head and ran hastily to the barrack.

Anne went back into the dark overcrowded barrack, and walked directly to Margot, where she told Margot what had happened. "Don't tell this anyone." Margot advised after they had eaten most of the chocolate pieces. A few hours later Anne and Margot were resting on their

bunker beds, outside it already started to get dark, which indicated that it was soon dinner time. Anne noticed that she was actually not hungry, also she felt a sense of renewed energy. She even was hopeful that she would survive the camp horrors. With this renewed sense of optimism, she felt an urge to do something, instead of just doing nothing and waiting. Anne jumped from her bed and athletically landed on the ground and quickly ran to the door which she opened with a kick. When she walked out Anne encountered a sea of sunflowers as far as the eye can see. The deep yellow sea gently rocked on the rhythm of the wind, while its many big brown eyes from the sunflowers gazed at Anne. She went to the sunflowers and it looked like she hovered through a deep yellow sea waves, that moved her gently up and down, while in the distance she heard the sounds of liberation. The wind ceased, the waves withdrew slowly from the surface of the sea whereafter the night sky unfolded from behind the stars.

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When Anne woke up time had lost its relevance, because she was not sure if she slept for hours or days. But what she was sure about when she opened her eyes is that she had no energy and the feeling of hope and optimism were gone. Anne noticed the peering eyes of the other prisoners in the barrack who suspiciously observed her. She quickly turned her face towards the wall; she knew the other prisoners were now reading her mind. Anne quickly turned back so she would face the prisoners again. She saw the dark eyes again, "Piss off, you all piss off" she yelled. Anne started to look for anything she could throw at the other prisoners. The only thing she found was hay from her bed, which after she threw it, sadly fluttered down, like the tears which had often rolled down her cheeks back home. Anne quickly rolled on her back and covered her face with her hands and started to wail unimpeded. Margot came to sit next to her on the bed and tried to calm her down, "Anne, Anne what's wrong, here let me hold you." Margot offered. Anne then took her hands from her face and started to laugh out loud, holding her hands tightly onto the bed, which shook from her trembling body. "Do you really think it makes a difference? It's all too late. We are all dead in no time." Anne yelled and started to violently hit the bedding with her fists, while her legs writhed intensely on the bed, which almost collapsed. This time three prisoners hurried by and helped Margot to restrain Anne, who then violently tried to escape the strong grip of them. Eventually Anne fainted from exhaustion, then shortly after she regained consciousness, when peace took over her body and she fell in a deep sleep.

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When Anne woke up time, she again had lost all sense of time. But what she was sure about when she opened her eyes, that she had a clear mind, because the realisation of her being at Bergen-Belsen Camp sent a shock through her whole body. Anne noticed the wide open eyes from the prisoners in the barrack who observed her. It reminded her the way Mrs. van Daan often stared at her in the Secret Annex in Amsterdam, as if to say "Poor Anne, you are so



young and guiltless and do not know the sad state of affairs now there is war.” Anne slowly went to sit on the side of her bed “I am not sure what happened lately Margot?” Anne muttered. Margot shrug here shoulders, “You started to behave very differently after you ate those pieces of chocolate.” she said.

Anne slowly stood up and walked to the door, she gently opens it, which she sees was recently repaired. After she opened the door, she leaned against the doorpost and saw mud reaching far, with green patches of scrubs in the distance behind the fences. Her eyes followed different piles of dead bodies, some of the dead bodies seemed to helplessly gazing at her. There was a little breeze which brought the stench of the dead and the whining of the dying.

Anne closed the door and went back to her bed, she had an urge to take another small piece of the chocolate. This chocolate had for sure a greater effect than the small Valerian pills she took back home. Margot who at a piece or two last time also wanted to eat more; Anne reached under her mattress but couldn't find the tin canister. “Where did the rest of the chocolate go?” Anne whispered to Margot “Let me take a look.” Margot quickly said, while she firmly pushed Anne with her elbow away.

“The tin canister with chocolate pieces is gone.” Margot uttered. Anne started to pace up and down in the barrack, with every step the wood under her feet squeaked, sounding like the final whining of a dying Jewish soul. Anne was craving for more chocolate. “What's going on?” Margot asked. “I need more chocolate.” Anne said, while she firmly held Margot by the shoulders and shook her to make her point clear. Margot pushed Anne's arms away and held her own arms forward to keep Anne from a safe distance. “Then go make that trip get some new chocolate if that's worth it. I know you are hungry but you do look like addicted” Margot groused, while she shook her head of disapproval.

Anne walked close to the building where Adolfo's office was in the SS facilities area and tried to catch his attention by throwing small stones at his office window. It didn't take long for Adolfo to appear. When Anne saw him she gently hopped from one leg to another to stay warm, but most of all from the prospect of tasting the chocolate again with its exquisite effects. In the distance she saw Adolfo approaching with a determined thrust through the chaotic death between them. Adolfo jumped lightly over a skin and bone corpse, his long jacket fluttered like that of a super hero; he then pushed a prisoner out of his way, who fell face down in the mud, and then stood in front of Anne. He looked at her beautiful face; Anne saw his longing eyes, and put her head tightly against his chest as tears rolled over her cheeks, which fell on his heavily stench shirt. Anne looked with her beautiful brown teary eyes up at Adolfo, “I cannot stand this place anymore, it is horrific”, she said, whereafter she looked at all the lifeless bodies spread across the camp. More tears started coming from her eyes, she hugged Adolfo tightly so she could cover herself under his long coat, while Adolfo with his right hand gently stroked on her bald head and with his other hand warmed her cheek, “I will try to get you out, I will do my best, come back next week darling.” He said while he gave Anne a gentle kiss on her forehead and handed her five tin canisters with

chocolate. In these gentle moments of his, Anne desired to be as close as possible to Adolfo, but in his flamboyant and disdain moments she detested his presence. Anne put her hand softly on Adolfo's chest and gave him a kiss on his cheek, "Thank you so much." she whispered to him and then left. "I got my next load of chocolate and next week we will be free." it went through her head while a smile appeared on her face.

Anne entered their barrack, just before Hilda came dashing to her. Hilda was one of the prisoners in the camp who acted as a prisoner functionary or Kapo as assigned by the SS Guards. Hilda was less brutal than most of the other Kapos, but still feared with her strong chin, blond hair and strong posture. To get her way, her preferred method was to starve or beat prisoners furiously with a baton. "Give me them" Hilda demanded, reaching her chubby arm out to Anne. "Two tin canisters only?" Hilda said while her arm muscles tightened from anger. Hilda was about to slap Anne with the back of her hand in her face, but just stopped in front of her face, when she saw Anne's innocent brown eyes. "Next time you get me more tin canisters, or you will feel the baton all over your body." Hilda said sternly. Anne sighed from relief after Hilda had left and crouched onto her bed and hid her face in her hands to avoid the curious stares of the other prisoners.

Later that day Anne explained to Margot what had happened in the barrack. "Are you all right?" Margot asked. Margot saw that Anne had a faint smile on her face, "What else is going on?" Margot asked. "We may get a chance to escape next week." Anne answered. Margot stared with her eyes wide open at Anne, "What do you mean escape? Escape from what?" Margot asked. "Well from this camp of course, you silly." Anne explained with triumph. Margot's eyes grew even wider, "Don't you think it is a trick, Anne? It sounds too good to be true." asked Margot. "Well if we stay here we will be soon dead anyway. Next week we will meet with Adolfo, he proposed the idea and is going to arrange it for us." Anne said. "But why he wants to help us Anne? You even despise that creep." Margot exclaimed. Anne started to blush a bit, which was very apparent on her pale skin "He likes me and wants to save me, he is somewhat creepy but has also his warm sides, I kinda like him. Of course you escape with me." explained Anne while she avoided Margot's eyes and looked instead at the ground. The next week Anne and Margot were waiting on the agreed spot in the East corner of the Large Camp, there they saw a few SS facility buildings, also the building where Adolfo worked. It was already getting late, when Anne and Margot were still waiting. Suddenly they saw through the fence Adolfo being carried on a stretcher to an Ambulance. His eyes were closed and his face was facing upwards, and restrained from pain, suddenly he turned his face to the left and looked at them helplessly. When he looked at Anne and Margot, it seemed like he wanted to say something, but he was too weak to say anything and before they knew he disappeared into the Ambulance, which drove off quickly. Anne's tears welled up as she looked at Margot who faced to sky with her eyes closed and crossed arms on her chest. It started to rain and it looked like drops falling on Margot's face tried to wash the disappointment away. Suddenly Margot ran to the barrack for shelter; while Anne slowly

walked back and held the tin canisters, who were in her pockets, firmly in her hands as if they were valuable treasures.

The next few days the weather increasingly grew terrible, there were constant showers and the temperature was close to freezing. Many prisoners hobbled through the mud like zombies, others were too weak or too sick to get out of their makeshift beds. Margot was sick in her bed as well, she was complaining of a hurting back, and had a high temperature and seemed to be delirium. Anne remembered that other people who attracted Typhus had the same symptoms as Margot. Anne tried desperately to keep Margot's head cool with a small cloth that she drenched outside in a little puddle of muddy rainwater. Margot moved her head intensely from left to right, "Yes, mother I will come, wait for me." she mumbled. "Margot, it's me Anne. Can you hear me?" Anne whispered. "Yes Mother, I can hear you, please don't go." Margot replied while the wet muddy cloth fell besides her. When Margot cried in her dream, Anne tried to wake her up so she could calm her down. While holding Margot, she looked heatedly across the row of bunker beds which were all placed next to each other with the heads against the wall. She passed each bunker bed in the barrack, "Please, can anybody help my sister, she is very sick?" she pleaded. None of the prisoners were able to help her as they were too sick and weak. Anne walked back to Margot, Anne reached into her own pocket and took out one tin canister and opened it carefully. She took out one piece of chocolate, "Margot here a piece of chocolate, please open your mouth?" she asked. Anne managed to put a piece of chocolate in Margot's mouth, and helped Margot so she could chew and eat the piece of chocolate.

Anne didn't feel well herself, she decided to lay down on her bed. She ate slowly piece by piece the chocolate from the three tin canisters till all was finished. Anne closed her eyes and felt warmth coming over her body.

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Again Anne had lost all her sense of time when she woke up. But what she was sure about when she opened her eyes, that the sound of the tumult outside the barrack was of cheers and laughter; she decided to check it out. She lightly slipped out of bed, and walked to the door. When she looked outside she saw prisoners walking in one direction, the direction of the exit. As a celebration of liberation, many prisoners were singing Hatikvah, Anne joined the singing and walked outside and noticed that with her renewed energy she had a very light walk, as if she was flying. "We are liberated." screamed Anne and started to walk quicker towards the exit and where she now clearly could see the Allied Forces handing out loaves of bread. Suddenly there was some shooting, as a SS Guard tried to escape and the Allied soldier shot him down. Some of the bullets actually came very close to Anne, when she looked down she noticed that these bullets hadn't hit her because she was hovering above the ground and

the bullets had hit the mud just below her.

She ascended higher, below she saw a lot of brown in the camp from the mud, she saw her barrack, she thought of Margot who was nowhere to see, she thought of mommy and daddy, she thought of others and she thought of her lovely diary Kitty. She now was so high that she had reached the clouds when her view became totally white. Anne and the prisoners in the background were still singing Hatikvah, until eternal peace embraced her.

## Postface

At both sides of the enemies, drugs was used to give the armies more energy for acts of war. For instance the Germans used, what they called Panzerschokolade (Tank Chocolate) wherein they added caffeine but also added de drug Crystal Meth, Methamphetamin, Meth or how they call it nowadays Ice.

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Scho-Ka-Kola>

Anne and Margot died just before the liberation of Bergen Belsen camp. In fact, Otto, the father of Anne and Margot was the only survivor of the Frank family. Thanks to his efforts Anne's diary became world famous, and is still widely read, seventy years after her death.







Machiel van der Stelt was born and raised in the Netherlands, lived for seven years in the United States of America and lives now in Australia. He just started out writing and this is his second short story in a series of other short stories.

Anne and the others living in the secret annex in Amsterdam, are betrayed and on the fourth of August nineteen forty four arrested. The members are sent to different concentration camps. Anne and her older sister Margot end up in the Bergen Belsen Camp. Anne is expecting terrible circumstances but when she gets involved with SS guard Adolfo, her situation might change from despair to hope.

In this tragic and disturbing story you will discover that inhumane and murderous behaviour of people can reach extreme levels during war. Because of recurring wars we have to ask ourselves if humankind is ever capable of creating a peaceful and free society?

**Warning:** this story is not recommended for children younger than twelve years old, because of confronting or graphic scenes and events.